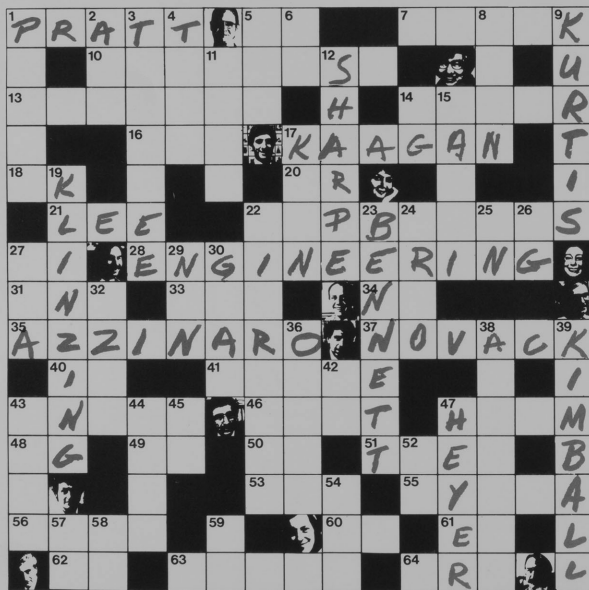




ADMINISTRATI



Across

1. Institute president
5. Peace keeping organization
7. Mattress stuffing
10. Advance
13. Egg white
14. Willow branch
16. Body of water
17. Ex-Provost
18. To come (abbrev)
20. Reggie Jackson's specialty
21. Vice President of Campus Management
22. Portable drawing tables
27. Prefix meaning two
28. Domain of William Stack-Staikidis
31. Office of Naval Intelligence (abbrev)
33. Sphere
34. Compass point
35. Vice President of External Affairs
37. Registrar
40. Zeus' heifer
41. Fight
43. Alphabetize
46. Pinball warning

Down

47. Ship's steering device
48. Chem. abbrev. for silver
49. Left end (abbrev)
50. Idiot box
51. A _____ Grows in Brooklyn
53. Above to a poet
55. Freshwater polyp
56. Vegetable
60. Eleventh month of Jewish year
61. The to Pedro
62. On; in
63. Middy meal
64. Wrath

Down

15. Sarah, before Abraham's covenant
17. Genghis _____
19. Vice President of Student Services
22. Opera text
23. Dean of Liberal Arts and Sciences
24. Chocolate and creme cookie
25. Exclamation of pain
26. Registered Nurse
27. Feathered scarf
29. Not prefix
30. Metric weight
32. Alligator shirt
36. Martini vegetable
38. Stick _____ in my eye
39. Director of Admissions
42. see 61 across
43. Othello villain
44. Napoleon's exile
45. Chem. abbrev. for xenon
47. Acting Dean of Architecture
52. Pos/neg pregnancy test
54. Cheer call
57. Egyptian soul
58. Right tackle (abbrev)
59. Kung _____

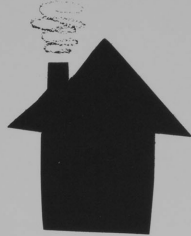
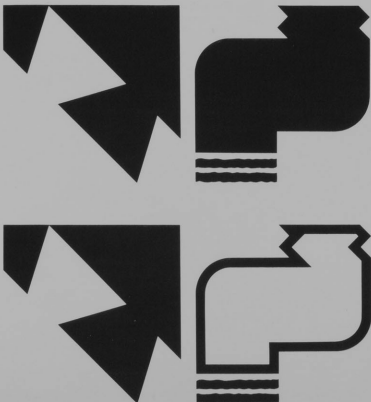
Answers: Across: 5. In 7. Japok 10. progress 13. albumen 14. ossier 16. sea 18. TK 20. HIR 22. lapboards 27. BI 31. ON 53. oer 54. NE 40. 10
 41. mee 43. index 46. lift 47. helen 48. Ag 49. Le 50. TV 51. Tree 53. oer 55. Jhira 56. okra 60. AB 61. EI 62. at 63. lunch 64. line
 Down: 1. Pratt 2. AB 3. trustee 4. omor 5. uri 6. Ne 8. pain 14. OC 15. Sual 17. Mian 22. libretto 24. oero 25. ai 26. KY 27. hoi 29. non 30. gram
 32. food 36. olive 38. a needle 42. EI 43. lago 44. fiba 45. Ke 52. Mt 54. rath 57. Ka 58. hi 59. fu



FF
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FF
FF
FF



Joseph Casumano, Thomas Hollander, ?, Leroy Pratt, René Bowen, Leroy Harris



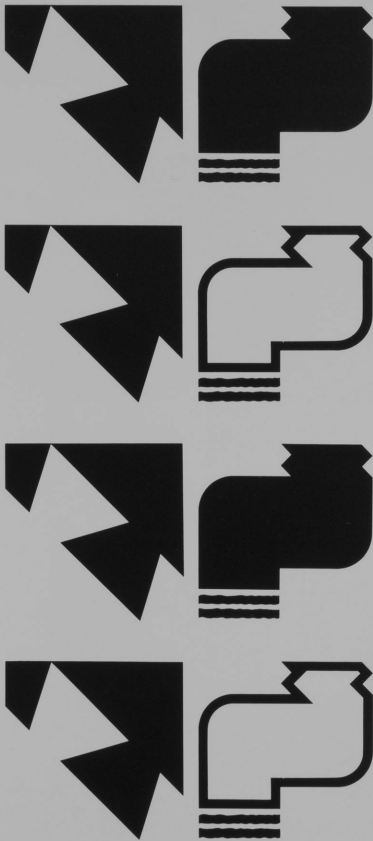


Construction Management

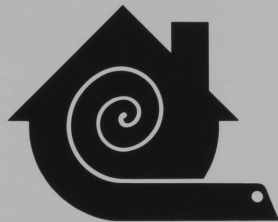
Have you ever considered what your biographer will have to say about you? I've even fantasized about where I will be when they get around to writing it. Sometimes I'm a rich old timer with enough fight left in me to employ a battery of lawyers to set the record straight. More often than not, I'm six feet under and rather indifferent. Now that I'm about to graduate let me tell you something, while it's still fresh in my head.

It was a rainy Wednesday, we all left the job and headed for "Bordie's". I know it was "Bordie's" because we got paid on Thursday and the beer was cheap; I had known these guys all my life. Uncle Vito, Sal, and a couple of cousins, even my old man was there just before the accident. Vito and I were having our annual debate over my returning to school. Of course I had all the facts. Federal Programs, the earn and learn angle, Pratt's reputation. He claimed I sounded like a car salesman and I guess he was right. The match book Vito was toying with happened to be one of those "are you stuck in a dead end job" numbers. You know the ones. The afternoon brews distilled the simple message into the rallying point I needed. Sure I knew the business, I explained, and yes, I was making a good buck and no, I didn't think I was smarter than anyone else, but, I knew myself well enough to know I wouldn't be happy without the bucks on the management side of the business. The conversation ended the same time as the rain.

I still don't know why I had those matches in my pocket the night of the funeral, but when I went up to light a candle, there they were. Friend biographer, they are still with me.



ARCHITECTURE



way onto the site, and totally and rudely uprooted our naivety. After a while we felt we were left with just a gaping hole in our cerebral ground. These teachers then proceeded to firmly place the foundation—basic and sound. Yet at that stage we had thoughts that revisions in our original design had been made; even suspected some faulty construction.

Next, systems were incorporated. Systems of forms, systems of logic, systems of styles, systems vs. systems. At that time we wondered if the project should be abandoned altogether because of a lack of funds, shoddy work attitudes of the contractors and our own doubts whether the mind we wanted originally constructed was even worth it all. And yet the work continued and our minds grew and grew.

We came to Pratt a number of years ago, as clients looking for a mind to be constructed. Our pockets full of holes, we went to banks to finance this long five year project. We thought we had a pretty good idea what the end product was going to look like, and what function it would serve. Little did we know about architects and their mischievous ways.

The site of our mind was virginal and virtually untouched. Certain first year professors bid on laying the foundation of our mind. After the contracts were awarded, they bulldozed their

Now on the eve of our grand opening we have difficulty coming to terms with what was created for us. A hodgepodge of styles. A little of this and a little of that. However it can be described, it is unusual and peculiarly ours. But the real challenge now is deciding what to do with the mind, as it has been a case of form before function.

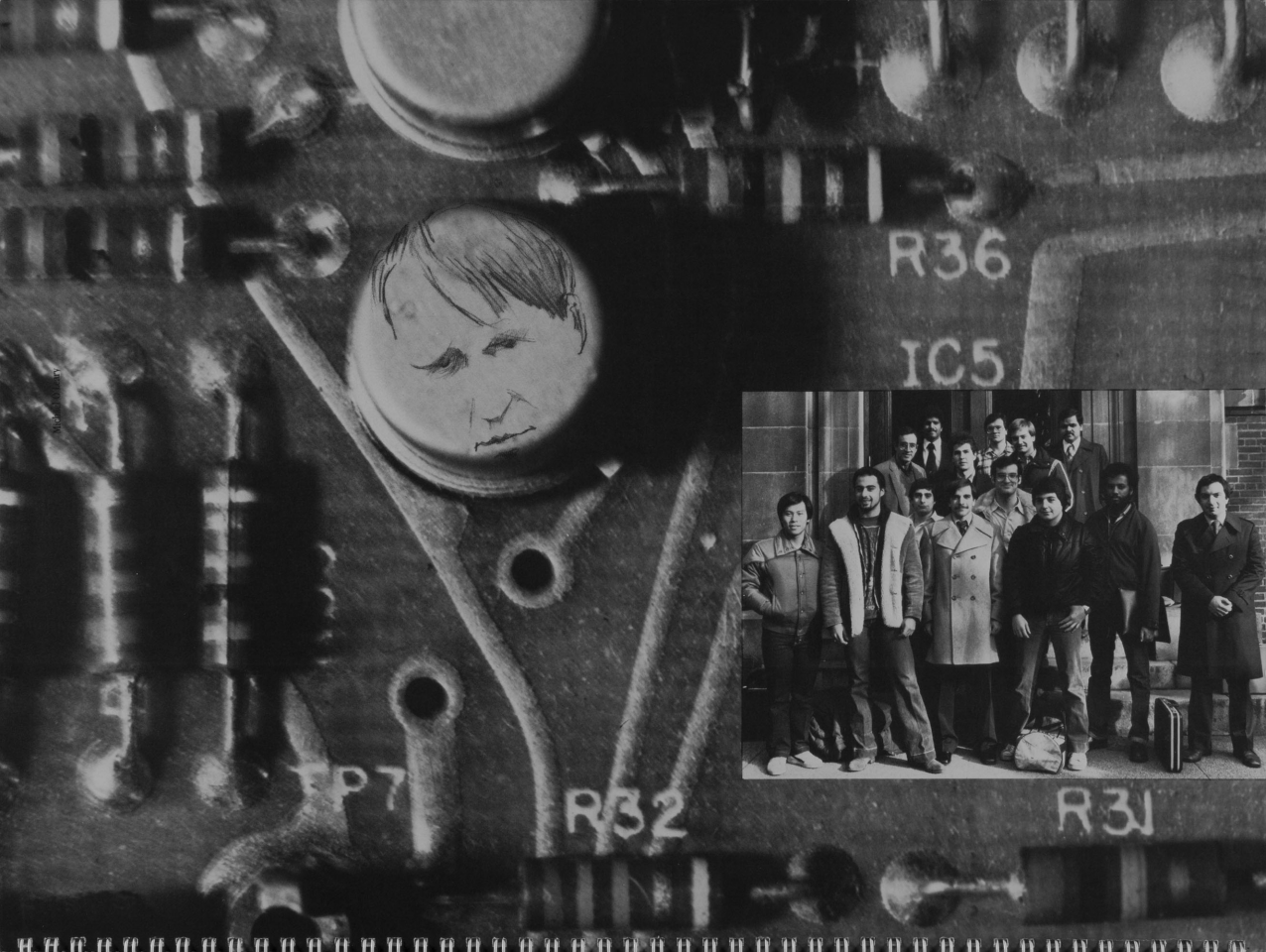


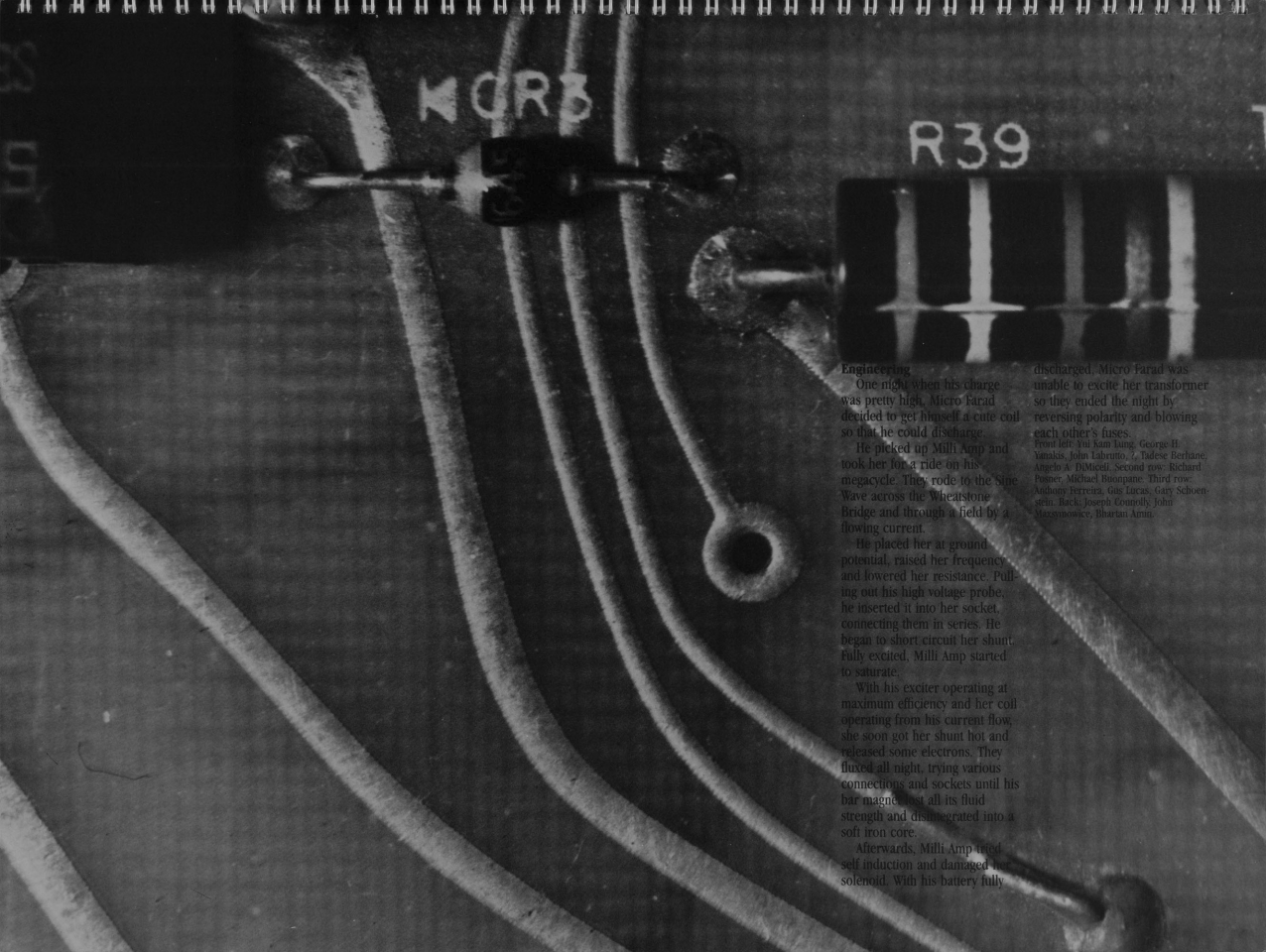
Kathryn Zimbalatti, Melvin Cummings, Amhal Galindez, Jay Singer, Eileen McNinnie, Alexandra Mazzeo

Below

Ayelet Artzi, Kenneth Fladen, Michael Biagioli, John Haskopoulos, Bob Stevens, Kenneth Berre, James Pettito, Stephen Beacham, Wendy Chow, Cassandra McGovern, Hooker Van Deusen, Mario Rincon, Mark Cooperman, Dennis Grasso, David Thurston, David Lederman, Marty Klain, Len Lizak, Chris Guerra, Ted Abramczyk, Bill Simmons, Paul Chudy, Magalie Regis, Cliff Brolfman, Bonnie Sevy, Sal Corvino, George Yougias, Alexis E. Romao, Ann de Vere, Cathie Franco







Engineering

One night when his charge was pretty high, Micro Farad decided to get himself a cute coil so that he could discharge.

He picked up Milli Amp and took her for a ride on his megacycle. They rode to the Sine Wave across the Wheatstone Bridge and through a field by a flowing current.

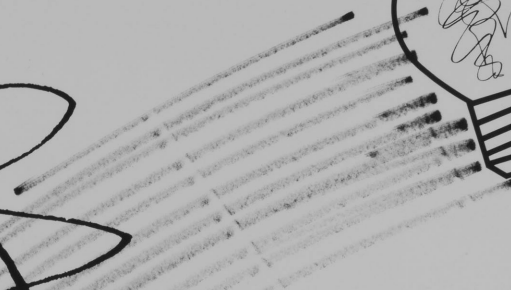
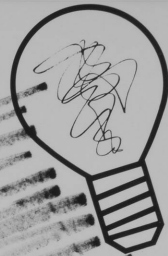
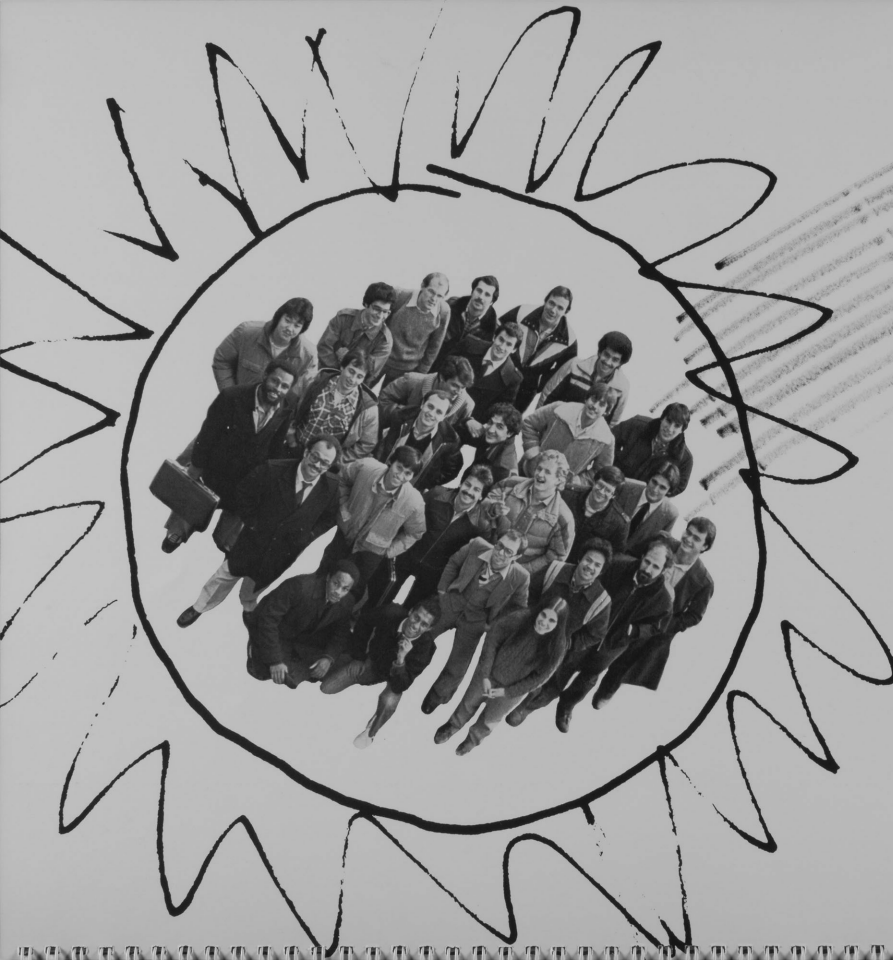
He placed her at ground potential, raised her frequency and lowered her resistance. Pulling out his high voltage probe, he inserted it into her socket, connecting them in series. He began to short circuit her shunt. Fully excited, Milli Amp started to saturate.

With his exciter operating at maximum efficiency and her coil operating from his current flow, she soon got her shunt hot and released some electrons. They fluxed all night, trying various connections and sockets until his bar magnet lost all its fluid strength and disintegrated into a soft iron core.

Afterwards, Milli Amp tried self induction and damaged a solenoid. With his battery fully

discharged, Micro Farad was unable to excite her transformer so they ended the night by reversing polarity and blowing each other's fuses.

Front left: Yu Kuan Hung, George H. Yanakis, John Labruno, J. Tadese Berhane, Angelo A. DiMiccio. Second row: Richard Pomeroy, Michael Buonopane. Third row: Anthony Petrucci, Gail Litwak, Gary Schoen, John Buck, Joseph Connelly, John Massimowicz, Bharati Amin.





Audrey Fraser, Kerasidis Anastasios, Adebayo Boboye, Mohamed Anatia, David Tam, Sergiades Demetrios, Joseph Hyacinth, Richard Knob, Kin Tong, Franklyn Saghroo.

Front: Jean Rey, Ivan Candilero. Second row: Israel Ghelpt, Edward NG, Sal Trupiano, Attilio Flarda, Cheuk Chin, Jane Reilly. Third row: Sergio Fontaine, Eugene Louie, Peter Campanella, Robert Melascaglia, Kamyar Zangeneh, Joseph Masarich, Michael Messina, Steven Iacono. Fourth row: Victor Viscomi, John Darginos. Fifth row: Steve Salmon, Michael DeSimone, Franco Pietri, Vance Schipani, Victor Urbach, Mark McKean, Michael Boodleg. Back row: John Labiak, Roger Borges.



Elycia Leriman and Han Ito Yoo

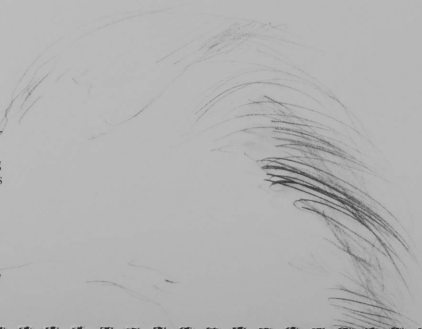
Science and Math

I am occasionally reminded by former students of a practice I indulged in as a relatively young and minimally wise professor. It usually goes something like this: "Doc, do you still play your Chem 252 students for an A in the course?" This always triggers a mixed ensemble of recollections as well as feelings ranging from embarrassment at my juvenile bravado to a sneaking pride at my halcyon skills at basketball.

During the latter sixties a large number of young men became interested in college as an alternative to government service in Viet Nam. At Pratt many of them opted for the Food Science Program, drastically changing the male/female ratio and infusing the program with a delocalization of focus. As a byproduct of some classroom encounters and extra-curricular discussions, I found myself offering to grant an A to any non-varsity basketball player who could defeat me in a one on one game. The problem with the proviso, "non-varsity basketball player," was that highly talented basketball players abounded in Chem 252, including about 40% of the varsity team currently ineligible or exiled for disciplinary reasons.

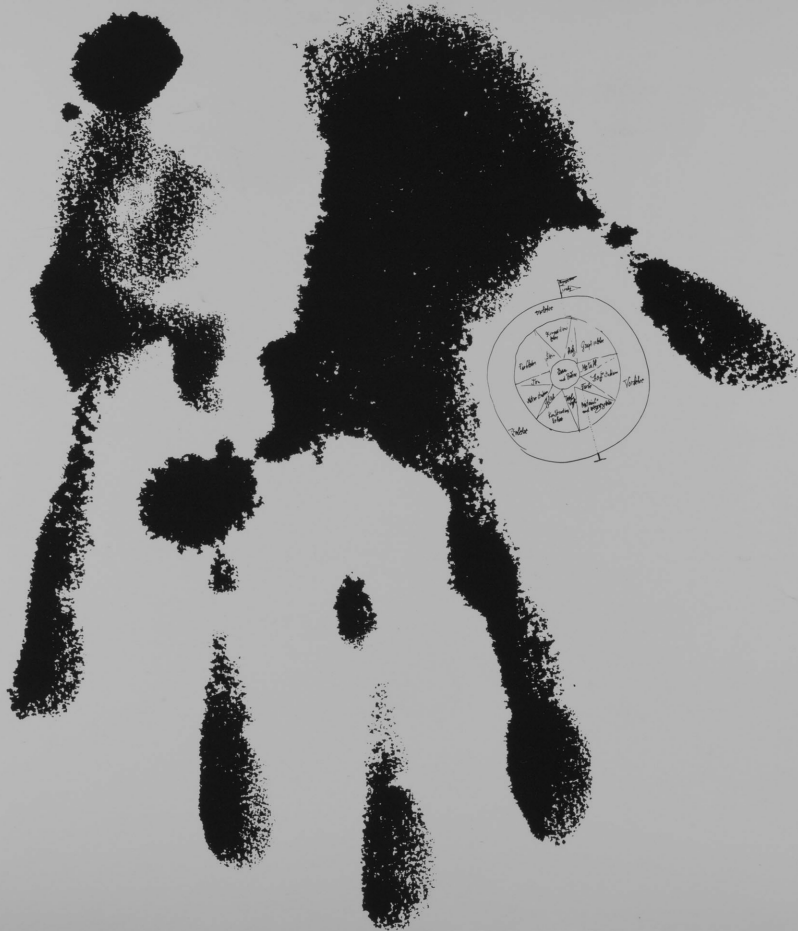
Over a period of several years and numerous desperate games I was lucky enough to escape unscathed and uncompromised except for one harrowing encounter. L.E. was a varsity basketball player of considerable skill who was sitting out a semester. Having played against him in scrimmages and three man games I knew my chances were slim. As I played with a brilliance born of terror, I considered for the first time the full implications of losing and having to give an A not earned by

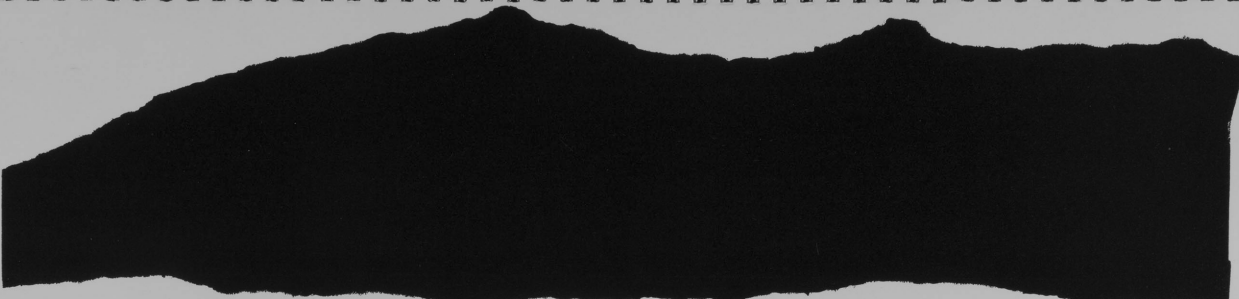
academic performance. After a protracted struggle I lost and somberly left the old gym. The term came to an end and as I graded the final exams I was wracked by indecision and conscience pangs. I bit the bullet and maked L.E.'s paper and...Justice!! L.E. had a solid A paper, a cleanly deserved A in the course. I don't offer this option to my students anymore. However, if you want to try for a six pack of Heinekens...



Michael O'Leary







I was asked of me to share 150 to 200 words about my experiences, my thoughts, my...related to foundation art, and please don't be...And so...

I see teaching as a tremendous opportunity to make a difference in people's lives. My intention is to create a 'space' in which the student's ground-of-being confronts what's true in the universe.

To do that I have to willingly recreate all situations as a 'picture' of my Self, that is, to take the responsibility for and 'own' my 50% of reality. When I do that the student can then see himself in the "mirror" and our selves touch.

I can't make anyone do anything. I can't make students draw well. All that is really possible, that has value, is to operate as the catalyst to inspiration. Inspiration comes from and exists inside of us. It can't be given to another. My inspiration can create the ambience, that allows, that empowers the student to drop his mind, to see through the considerations, to grow and often make a quantum leap forward. And I know that it's always the student's willingness to accept "what's so" that

allows him/her to teach himself/herself.

The goodies for me, the pay off always comes when the magic works. When the student takes the responsibility and becomes cause in the matter and is no longer at effect. I love those words "I learned alot!" Thank you!

FOUNDATION



Marjolein Stern

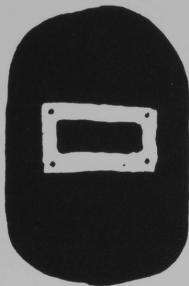


Barbara Davidson

First



From right: Elaine Parker, Karen Bachmann, Marina Bosetti, Kelly Carrington, de Dragon Simmonds, Andrew Fox, Noel Copeland.



Front left: Bruce Goldsmith, Michael Knigin. Second row: Vasilios Toulis, Michele French, Kelly Lincoln, Mary Jane Muckdestone, Martha Johnson, Mollie Harrison. Back: Rachel Wysokeg, Sal Prevete.

Bottom left: Bonnie Flevelling, Amy Bock,
 and John Ray. Above them, from left to
 left: John Ray, Winona Reade, Dale Green,
 blatt, Eli Langner.



The Players

Jill: Hands tremble

Bill: Poor posture

Rye Bread: Very large, concealed in pantry

J: Cool it man, you've been working too hard.

B: Life is a piece of cake and you should chew before you swallow.

J: Cake my arse.

B: It's my own theory, thank you very much.

J: Is that right? Andre says you can't study art.

B: Is that so?

J: Like it's life, man, and they can't teach you.

B: What I'm thinking, I'm thinking...it's a damn well good thing.

J: Whaddaya mean? Whadda we doing here sweating up this joint? I thought you were for real.

B: They can't teach me here better than they couldn't teach me in Duluth.

J: So whas it, the center of western civilization you wanna be at?

B:...now that you mention it. But you unnastrand what I mean, it's Biff and Bobby and Jane. It's heavy Dooly and that speech what she pontificated in class, and this particularly hep instructor you were jawing about in recent times.

J: Yeah, it's a potent cup o'tea I reckon.

B: How about it, and rye bread too.

J: My time is coming soon.



Bottom left: Helen deClercq, Paula Denault, Irene Scotti, Paula LaBue, Darlene Solomon, Gerahyn Zink, Kimberly Kiner. Back row from right: Diane Chiacchio, Susan Andersen, Virginia Nichols, Lynn Maresca, Karen Rosen, Alise Loebelsohn, Lori Lemanczyk.

You weren't smiling so smugly the first time we met. Portfolio in tow, killing time before your interview with Gene Garfinkle (probably the only time you were early for anything around here). Rounding the corner on the third floor you had your initial encounter with my display of senior work. We stared at each other for quite sometime. I watched your expression change from curious amazement to prickly panic. If you don't mind my asking, how close did you come to blowing off that interview? Obviously you didn't because there you were in the fall, still checking out the displays. By spring semester something changed. Instead of wonderment over technique, you questioned composition. The first time one of your pieces made it we spent a long time together. I also remember overhearing it was the first time your folks didn't have to pay to hear the sound of your voice. Your senior survey wasn't bad. Even that pompous, failed fine artist commented on a "certain refreshingly conceptual feeling beginning to emerge." (Whatever *that* means). When you start taking your book around, remember how confidence in your work can override the panic and how unattainable a place in my glass case once seemed. Hey, you better get going. I hear someone coming up the stairs.



Front Row from the left: Cheryl Brundage, Laurel Tobias, Alfonso Gobeia, Tom Newberry, Sam Scali. Second row: Gerry Contreras, Cyril Ginters, LaDora Redmond, Joann Zelano, Karen Cumerford, Aldo Legido, Steve Powell, David Passalacqua. Third Row: John O'Hara, Steven Cragg, Gayle Erickson, ? Ben Hillman, Vladimir Shipigel. Back: Karen Masserggia, Mary Paik, Rebecca Farash, Debra Glendennen, Howard Fertig, Steven Greene, Michael Barta los.



John Athorne, Wendy Sreto, David Au, Lynnette Pellegrini, David Matava, Jean Jacobson, Carlos Martinez.



First row from the left: Robin Brown, Gergory Scott, George Lee, Virginia Jung, Renee Dulickas, Tony Vela, Dorothy Griffin, Sam Lober, George Klauber, Charles Goslin. Second row: Judy Seckler, Mary Anne Sowah, Paul Graboff, Millicia West, Charles Friedman, Gayle Miller, Richard Longo, Edward Meir, Phyllis Chan, David Robbins, Iris Figueroa, Doug Brown, Margaret Noon. Back row: Thomas Tierney, Wendy Szeto, Daniel Paterna, Sharon Roth, Perer Nomura, Sharon Occhipinti, Scott Santoro, Jeff Zack, Michael Gerbino, Ralph Senzamic, Kathleen Corrigan.

“COMMUNICATIONS DESIGN”





Interior Design

The Interior Design class of 1982 held their twenty-fifth reunion last night at the prestigious Alibi club. It was great to see everybody who could make it, although Juan and Gerardo showed up an hour or two late because of car trouble. As I mingled about I tried to catch up on what everyone's been up to.

Bill DeRidder just tied up the loose ends on that realty deal in Harlem. He now owns 90% of it and has renovated 80%. Carol has done her own share of brownstone renovations and has many big deals in the works. Joel Perez, who has always been one of Carol's best customers, now owns his own resort island and his memorable Smith-Barney commercial has made him a popular face. Kate has been doing very well in her contracting firm and Nan is there to help out a couple of days a week, but with her beautiful six children it's a little difficult.

Lori made a brief appearance but had to leave early because of a party for Rick. She did stay long enough for us to find out her contract firm is doing well.

Narong was tied up with some details but did manage to send his clone. Andy's specialty seems to be drug store design, and Geneva seems to be doing well, but we couldn't find out many details because she dozed off. Arianne has not only redesigned Athens, but bought it. Homa is a design teacher at Pratt working over-time with foreign students. Andrew is now a senior partner in Poor, Swanke, Hayden and Loessel. Mark is principal of Marchitecture, that innovative design firm.

He's quite a celebrity but the gold laminated long-underwear was a bit much. Ken did a terrific job bartending and Sylvia did her share of helping Karen with all of the arrangements. Ken specializes in

Sylvia has been responsible for some great stores and Karen has joined forces with Jeff and formed a graphic/interiors firm that is doing extremely well.

We ended the night by enjoying a Janet Goldman Production "Smoking Hurts Everyone" at her new theatre. Where will we be in another twenty-five years?



FILM &



Alexander D. Aurichio, Wilfred Caban, James Godbey, Esq.

The neophyte Pratt photo student comes to the department after one year of Foundation, generally having had limited exposure to the medium, differing for the most part from other fine art students who were born with pencils and brushes in their hands. During the next three years the students are transformed by a dedicated faculty and a rigorous program, grappling with technical problems and aesthetic issues, into photographers capable of working independently. The photo faculty generally has a great effect upon the students at the early impressionable stages, with such memorable observations as "a good teacher is a biased teacher," "photography is real important to me," and the ever popular "that's blix, not grape juice." Most important, however, is that another group of students

not only survived but really profited from their punctilious training. Here, then, are the awards bestowed in their honor upon the 1982 graduates.

Amy Berg—The Diane Arbus "Life is a Breeze" Color Photography Award.
 Cathlyn Cantone—The Candice Bergen Acute Aperture Award.
 Eloy Clarke—The Jacques Henri Lartigue Honorary Autochrome Coloring Book Award.
 Peter Connolly—The "Health is

Happiness" in Photography Award.
 Barbara Davidson—The Helen Levitt Nice Little Old Lady Award.
 Cat Fisher—The George Knoblach Montauk Travelogue Prize.
 John Freeman—The Judith Linn Meritorious Achievement Award for Photographing Mass Quantities of Cheese.
 Lee Friedman—The Minor White Video and Slide Show Award.
 Josh Harrison—The Olivia Parker Prize for Tiny, Little, Small, Minute, Precious Conceptual Art Photography.

Luis Luge—The Alfred Hitchcock Look-a-like Award.
 Raymond Simonelli—The "I Would Be Famous If I Were Ansel Adams" Award.
 Ralph Senzamici—The Lewis Hine Honorary Prize for Engaging in View Camera Photography in Life Threatening Situations.
 Marta Serra-Jovenich—The Gary Winegrand Honorary Beautiful Woman Prize for Subtle Visual Abuse.
 Danielle Van Gennepp—The Art Linkletter "Kids Say the Darndest Things" Photography Award.

Katherine Withers—The William Mortensen Immoral Memorial Award.

In the second category are the film majors, who have suffered most of the same duress as the photographers. However, in view of the fact that this department is hidden in the back of the ARC, operates with a small faculty, and even smaller number of graduates, an overall award is given to them for their tenacity to go through Pratt answering the

statement "I never knew there was a film department here." Furthermore, the following awards are bestowed upon these graduates for their bravery in battle.

William Godbey—The "Inner Ear Award" for his work on the film "How to Balance a Thirty-five Pound Camera on Your Shoulder and Not Blur Anything."
 Wilfred Caban—The "This is Really Gross" Award for the film "Rubber Face."
 Alex Aurichio—The "No Frills Spaghetti" Award for the movie "Is This Chair Sinking or Are the Film Scraps Growing?"

Front: Jan, Maria Serra-Jovenich, Amy Berg, Back: John Freeman, Cathlyn Cantone, Ed, Josh Harrison, Barbara Davidson, Daniella Van Gennepp, Phil



THEATRE & DANCE

Walking down into Higgins Hall's basement, the last thing you would expect to find is a theatre. Among the empty coffee cups, cigarette butts, loose floor boards, broken props, old furniture, wood scraps, and dirt, there lies a theatre. It is here that the miracle of Pratt theatre reveals itself. What appears to be a storage room for the campus becomes an intimate theatre for the highest in quality productions.

The sets are built, the costumes sewn, the lights are all put in place. You've read the script a hundred times and by now you have learned your lines.

The early mornings, late nights, and endless rehearsals are all behind you. You know who you are, what you are, where you are, where you've

been, where you're going, and what you want to do, just as long as you're not thinking about that when you say you're lines you'll be fine. As the final touches are applied to your make-up, butterflies fill your stomach.

We've all been told a million times about the world being a stage and it's people mere players—now you're about to find out.

The time has come. The stage is set. The house lights are turned down. That magical moment has arrived where dreams can become realities. Pratt suddenly looks different.

You're given your cue...the curtain has risen...the spotlight awaits you...and the applause.

Gregg Ross and Lori Abramson







3,4

Front left: Paula Korpalski, Shirley Ponton,
Allison Bailey, Gerañyn Zink, Joyce
Gildersleeve. Back row: Geraldine V. Wal-
lingford, Manuel Michalowski, Michael
Desiano.



7,8

5,6



1,2

9, 10

ART EDUCATION



By the spring semester of my sophomore year I was faced with a multitude of liberal art requirements, and it was time to take out the shovel. So I tried an art education course—and it didn't hurt too much. In the fall I took a couple more—and it wasn't that bad. By now I was up to my waist in water, and it was time to see if I could swim, so I

registered for Saturday Art School—and teaching felt pretty good. In fact I took a few more education courses and even did my student teaching—and that was great!

At first the challenge was to think of innovative ways to teach art, but now the trick is to use art to teach other things. Teaching isn't a job, it's an adventure.

Fashion

Fashion is more than designer jeans, Studio 54, or a Sony Walkman. It's a way of life. It depicts the economics of a country and of the time; the depression of the 30's, the revolts of the 60's, the futuristic appeal of the 80's. It's trendy, racey...hidden away on the sec-

ond floor of North Hall. History of costume books are consulted, foreign magazines scrutinized, trips made to Fifth Avenue's fine stores and fabric shops, and then...the idea becomes hundreds of sketches, until one ends up with a fabric swatch. Basic patterns are taken

out of billowing portfolios, pencils from artbin boxes. Pattern paper is laid, pushpins everywhere. Muslin is pressed (s-s-s-t) and one thread is gently removed from both length and width. Tracing wheel and tracing paper come into view; then a scissors...pressure mounts as

hours pass quickly (more coffee please). Needles and thread and headless dress forms, bobbins and sewing machines; a sigh of relief or seam ripper of despair. Fabric is purchased and pressed. The once feared industrial power machine and steamy iron become friends to shaky hands.

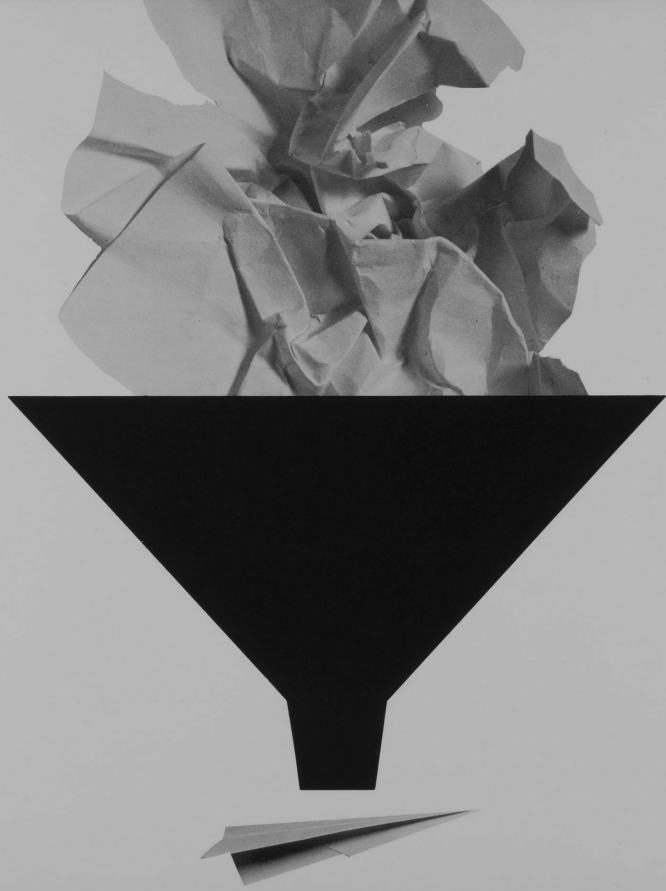
And then, ta-da, a finished garment. And still, critique, a decision, a show, a display of coordinating colors and styles, a showroom, merchandising, sales and the start of new trends. After four years...the Fashion Industry.

Top left to right: Toni Bernzweig, Jeannette

Ryan, John Wilhite, Maria Cropper, Renee Diaz, Olga Herrero, Espinola Luckett, Signe Hedemark, Princess Thomas, Sheri Diamond, Louisa Bezi, Lynda Sorba, Donna Petracca, Gongyi Pacer, Susan Grier, Carmine Condiff, Mariza Garcell, Anna Duzon, Sangmi Lee, Myrna Parsons, Beth Mandenberg, Dori Annette Pou, Francine Saer, Valerie Bennett, Sook Young Moon, Greg Glowack, Marian Bowden, Denise Park, Lynette Waldronumplett, Catherine Mariell, Randi Konbert, Linda Lesbay, Malahay Ramezani.







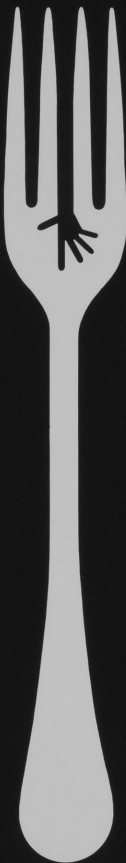


Noah Brauner, Jay Chabson, Ray Shemuser, Gerry Katzhon, Glenn Ashkin, Kurt D. Steinberg, Michael McMahon, Carl Czarnomski, Alan Speigel, Anne Ho, June Lee, Gerard Hopkins, Christopher Miceli, Kaave Hansen, Lucides Marquez, Christopher Canello, Billy Costa, Juan Ugarie, Godwin Mensah, John Schaffeld, Richard Watzulik, Daryl Whitney.

In a world of escalating mass production, the Industrial Designers' role is to make sure that the human element is not forgotten. He tries to improve the interaction of people with the things around them by designing in a way that is sympathetic to physical and aesthetic needs. Trained to make decisions concerning forms, colors, and materials that are appropriate to structure and function. Beware the Industrial Designer at a poor performance, he's the one with the hand-gripped tomato.

The Pratt Industrial Design program focuses on developing an intuitive sense of aesthetics and basic visual skills. Design sense is further developed as students deal with exercises in creative problem solving. "Now what does he want? An insect to look like a helicopter!"

The student is invited to apply what he has learned to increasingly involved projects that expose him to the entire design process. Emphasis is not on stylistic tendencies, but on the notion that Industrial Design deals with the hole process.





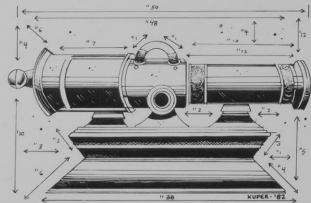
Maureen Mullen



Kimberly Kiner



Steve Powell



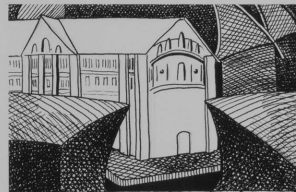
Peter Kuper



Richard Miller



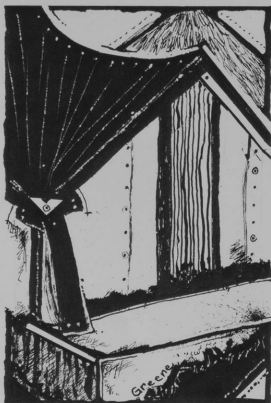
Ross Gromarty



Steven Cragg



Phil Roberts



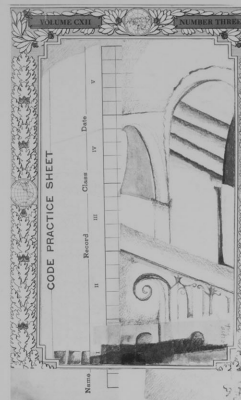
Steve Greene



Ralph Senzamici



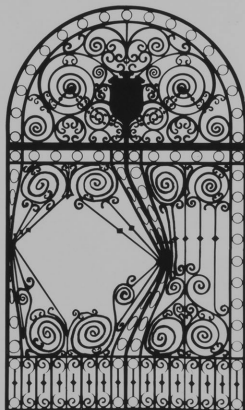
Jim McAliffe



Susan Anderson



Matthew Stern



David Weissman



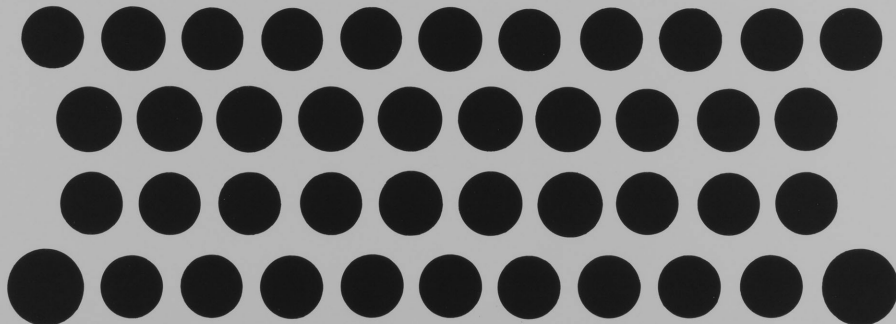
Karen Comerford



Humanities

Clang, clang, clang, zip! I'm so tired of these sporadic typing sessions! I hate these all nighters. You would think this kid could budget his time better, try typing a little at a time, but I hear this is an art school, so all my work is done the night before. Well, at least I'm not a paintbrush. But anyway, let me tell you, I've been responsible for many words of wisdom, everything from Freud's cocaine complexes to T.S. Eliot's tarot cards. And how can I forget the dissertation on Kafka's cockroach, I had to type that one three times; it's not easy being one of the only typewriters in the building.

But you know what the worst part is—bibliographies. Who cares if a period follows the end of an author's name—not only is it backwards but it's not even a sentence. And those footnotes, ugh, stupid little numbers half a space above the rest of the information that I doubt those teachers read anyway. Even if they tried, they would have a hard time reading the words between the white out. Oh, gripe, gripe, what I need is a good oiling, or a new ribbon at least. But, since this kid is graduating, I'll probably just be shoved to the back of a dark closet, until his kids go to school. Well, before my characters fade out completely, let me bid farewell to the faculty who have given me so many workouts.





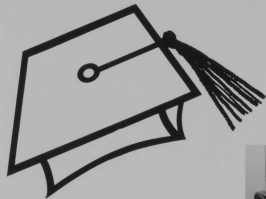
**Food Science, Nutrition, and
Dietetics**

The folks who came to Pratt to learn how to paint, assume we came to learn how to cook. We study food the same way they study color. Once the artist has learned the basic recipe of color, he applies this knowledge to a

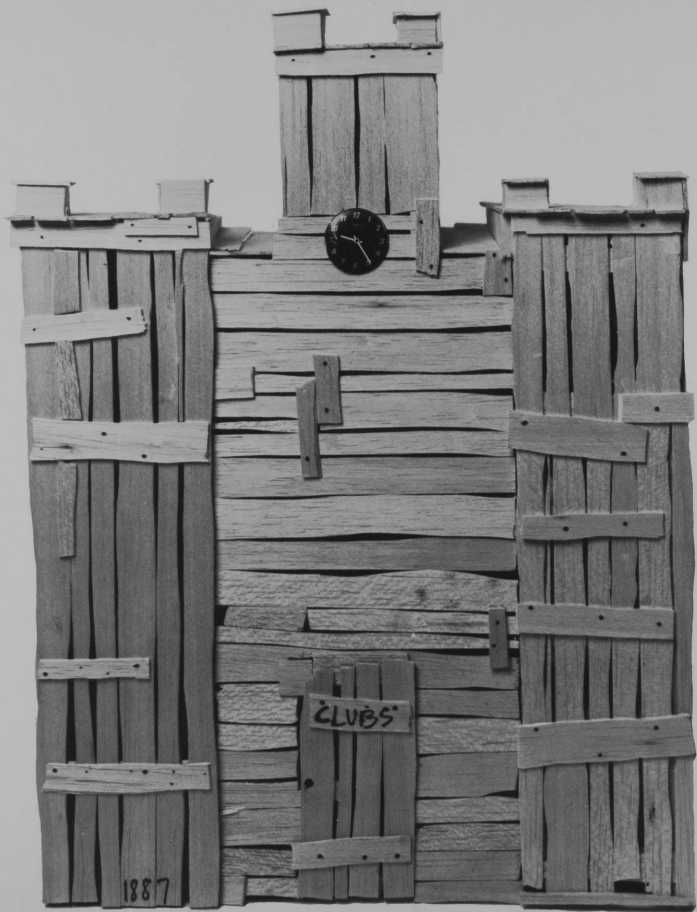
wide variety of cuisine. We learn to understand food as nutrition and dietetics and apply this knowledge to paint a healthy portrait of the community which we serve.

Below
Sheila Petersen and Patricia Nicholas











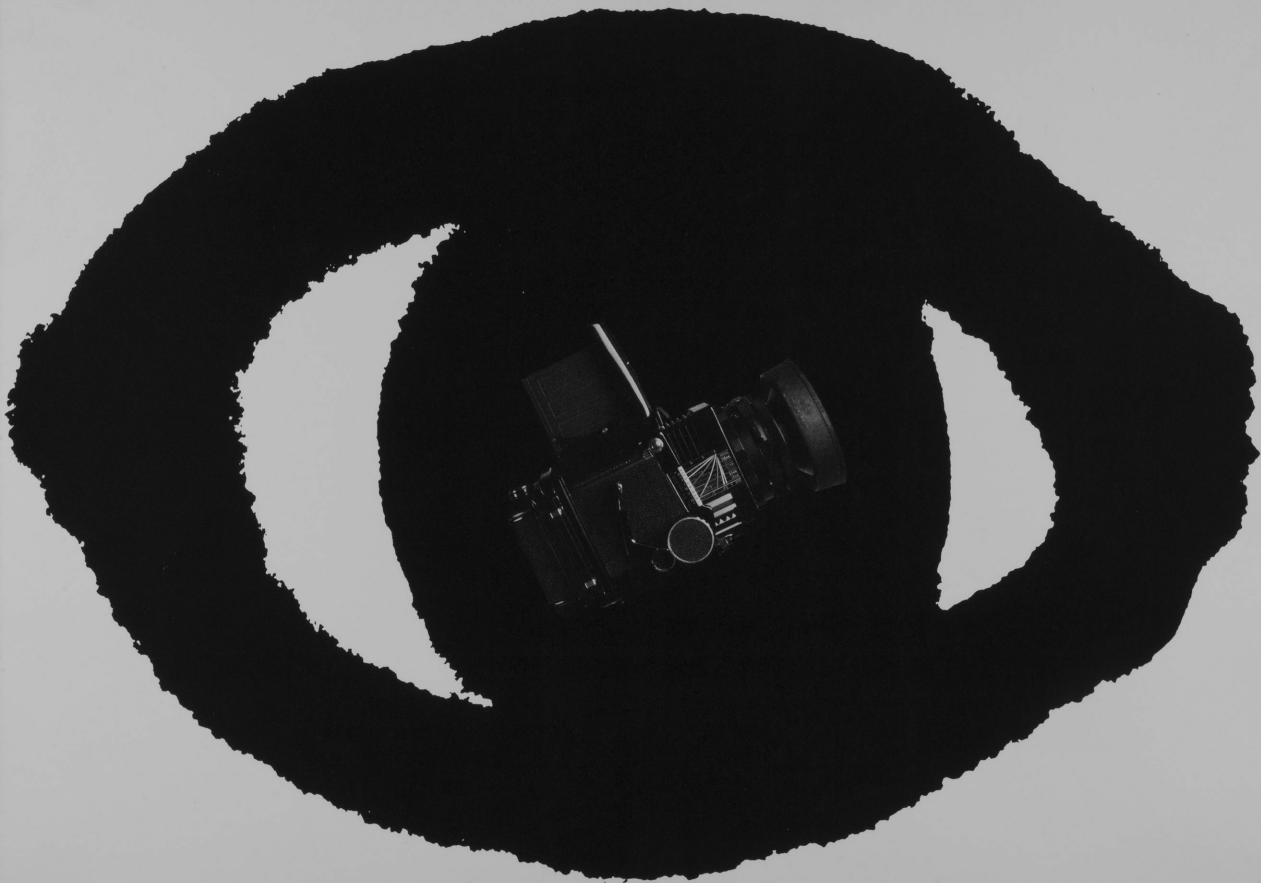
StA



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House Council





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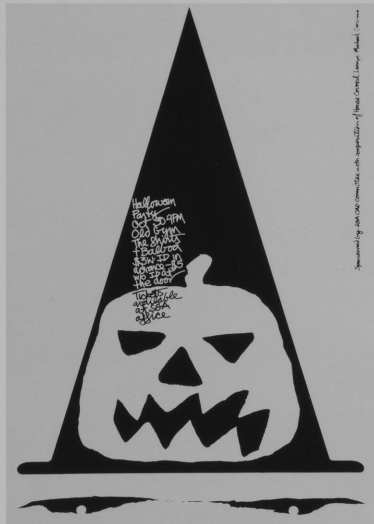


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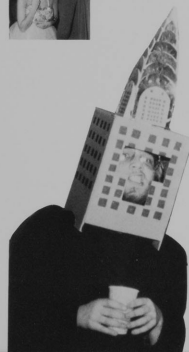
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Designed by the committee on Halloween night at 8:00 PM 10:00 PM 12:00 AM







BEER
S RUN

THGIR
MOVE

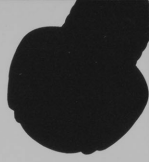
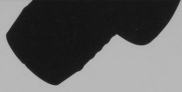
UNPACK MVC WK2.WK1(M)
BEEP SHOOT BLIP BLIP ATTACK CRUISER BEEP

BEER
RESTO



to kindle joy
brooding
knowing

at float than a month of gloomy
Knowledge and Riches, if you do not give yourself time
and forget about it



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under the supervision of the school of
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LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

LOAD 250 FILE NAME SPACE INVADED
FUNCTION KILL THOSE SUCKERS! BE
OF FIRST SHIELD TO LEFT OF SECOND
RETURN TO FIRST SHIELD SHOOT B

An hour of concentrated work does more
to overcome sadness and to set your spirit
What is the use of Love, Good Fortune
to enjoy them in leisure, have a beer

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Kathleen Corrigan
Michael Gerbino

Photography

Ralph Senzamici

Candid Photography

Barbara Davidson

Copywriting

Ted Abramczyk
Milli Amp
Ken Bere
Amy Berg
Barbara Davidson
Howard Fertig
Paul Friedman
Karen Graham
Richard Longo
Beth Maidenberg
Michael O'Leary
William Sayler
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Matthew Stern

Artists

Susan Anderson
Amy Berg
Karen Comerford
Aaron Cormier
Steven Cragg
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Michael DelGigante
Steve Greene
Kimberly Kiner
Peter Kuper
Jim McAuliffe
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